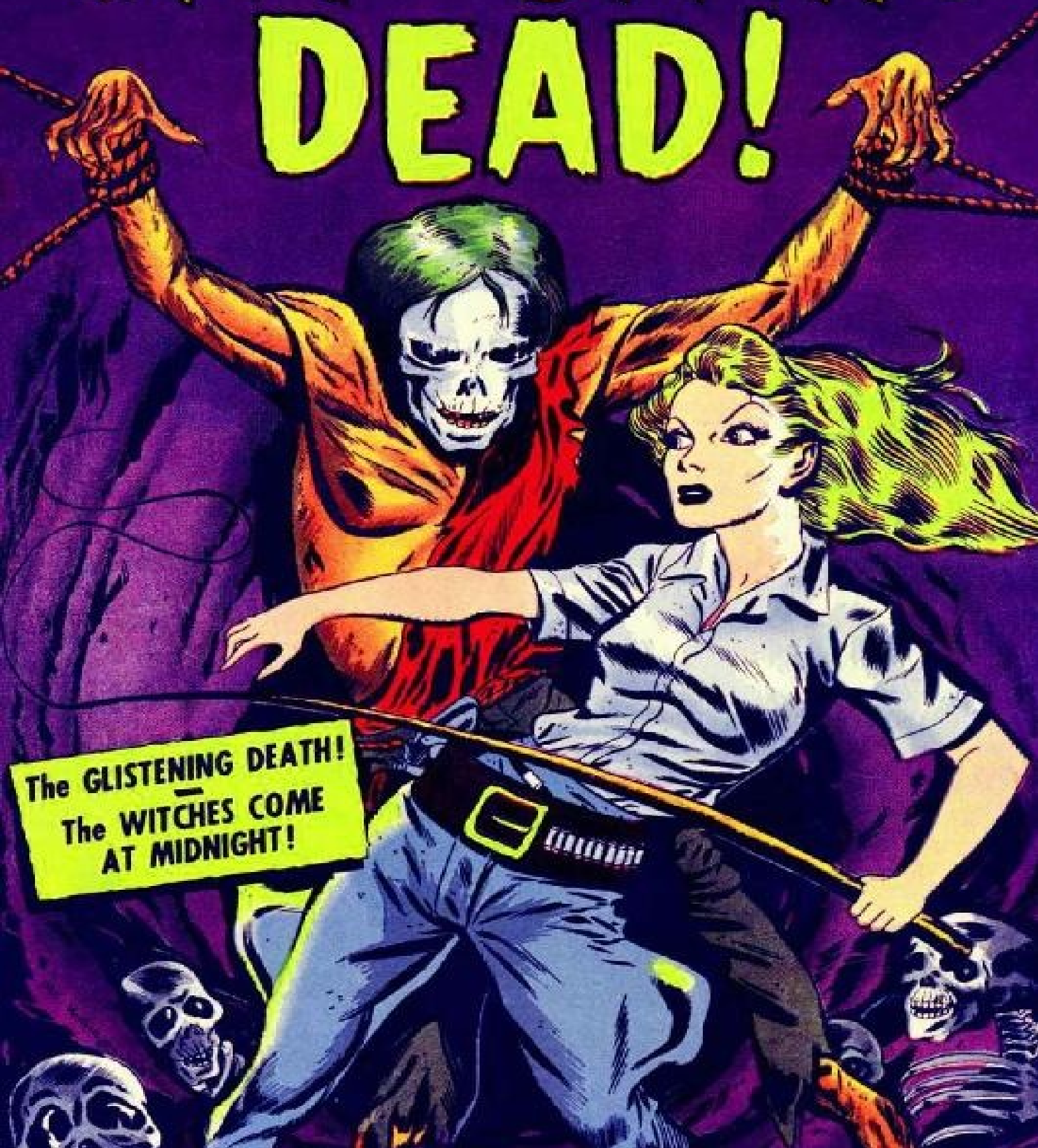


CITY ^{OF THE} LIVING DEAD!



The GLISTENING DEATH!
The WITCHES COME
AT MIDNIGHT!

"CITY of the LIVING D



AN UNKNOWN TERROR
HUNG OVER THE LERIE,
DESERTED MEXICAN
VILLAGE OF QUETANA.
ANNE MARTIN
SENSED THE PRESENCE
OF THIS HORROR
THERE! SHE FOUND
OUT TOO LATE THAT
SHE HAD ENTERED
THE... "CITY OF THE
LIVING DEAD!"



THE M...
WAS EEN
DEADLY!
ITS VICTIM
THAT IT SO
WALKED
THE O
SWAMP LA
ANOTHER
BUT ITS
COULDN'T
NO ONE
CAPE THE
JAWS OF
GLISTENI

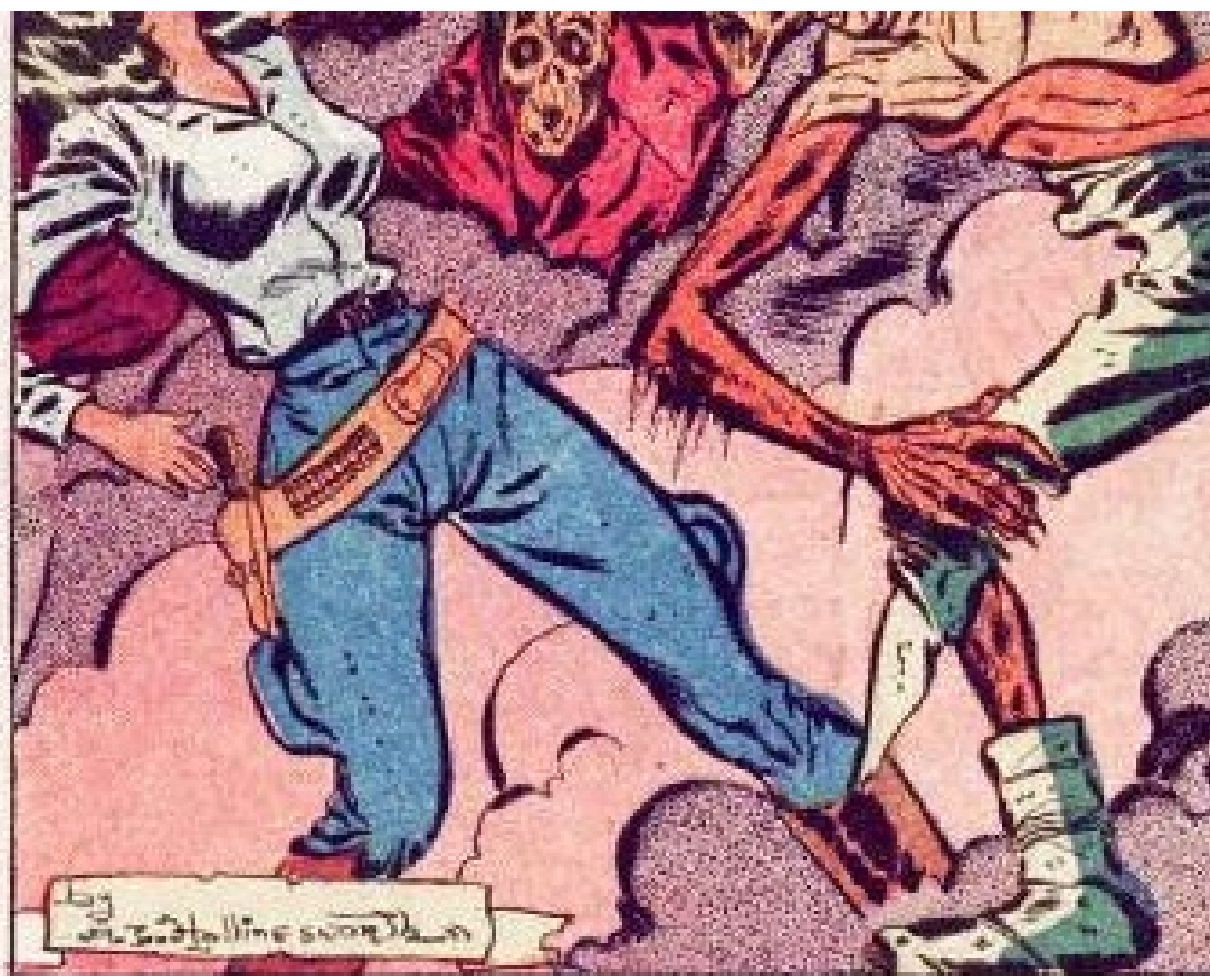




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CITY OF THE LIVING D





IN YUCATAN, NEAR THE COAST OF THE GULF OF MEXICO... THE OLD AZTEC CITIES OFTEN REVEAL RELICS OF GOLD, ANNE! I'D LIKE TO FIND SOME GOLDEN CHALICES!



I SURE HOPE WE DO, BOB!

YOUNG PROFESSOR MARTIN DIDN'T REALIZE... IF THE BOSS FINDS ANY GOLD, HE'LL NEVER LIVE TO BRING IT BACK! WE'LL SEE TO THAT, EH, REP?



YOU SAID IT!

THAT EVENING, WHEN YOUNG PROFESSOR MARTIN'S SMALL ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION WAS ENCAMPED...

EVER HEARD OF QUETANA, RAMON? IT'S SOMEWHERE NEAR HERE, ISN'T IT?

QUETANA? OH, SEÑOR, WE CANNOT GO THERE! WE DO NOT DARE!

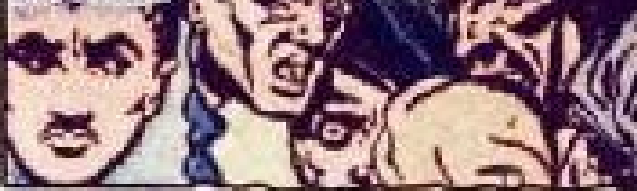


NOT AZTECS, SEÑOR! IT IS SAID THAT ONLY HALF A CENTURY AGO, EVIL MEN CAME HERE, AND IN THE RUINS OF QUETANA, THEY DIED! BUT STILL THEY LIVE THERE!



IT WAS A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE STORY!

"A BAND OF CRIMINALS WAS BEING TRANSPORTED FROM A CARIBBEAN PENAL COLONY, AND ONE NIGHT...



AT EIGHT BELLS TONIGHT! YOU'LL GIVE US THE SIGNAL, TORQUE?

YES!

WE'LL KILL THEM ALL, AND TAKE OVER THE SHIP!



AAHIEEE!!

HELP!
UGH!

I'LL SAIL FOR
ICAN COAST! Y
BY NIGHT, SC
AND ESCAP

"THEY SAILED INTO THE GULF OF MEXICO, AND AS THEY HEARD THE MEXICAN COAST..."

WE'RE CRASHING ON A REEF!

WE'RE GONERS!

CRASH!



"SOMEHOW MOST OF THEM TOOK REFUGE IN A CAVE BY! AND THEY FOUND..."

WHAT LUCK! THIS CHALICE -- IT'S SOLID GOLD!



"A FORTUNE IN AZTEC GOLD! BUT..."

SOMETHING'S THE MATTER WITH ME!

HE'S SICK! HE LOOKED QUEER YESTERDAY! I NOTICED IT!

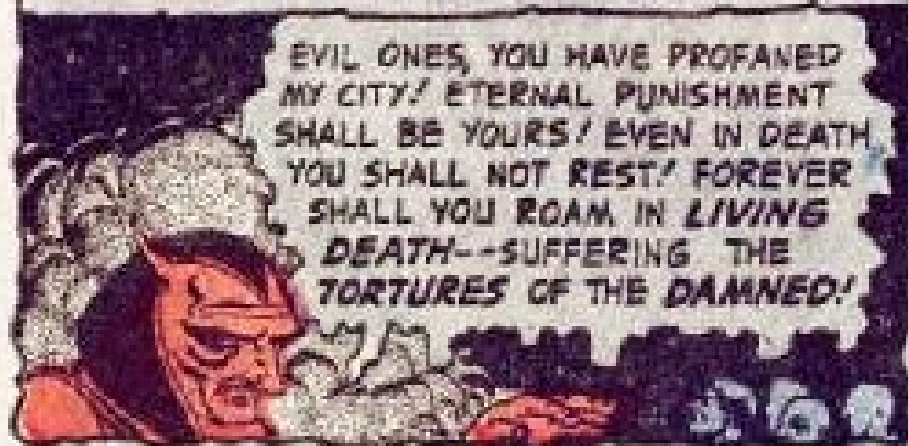


"IT WAS THE DREADED TERRIBLE YELLOW THEY HAD BROUGHT WITH THEM, AND A FEW DAYS..."





"AND JUST AS THE LAST OF THEM DIED, QUETZAL APPEARED! HE IS THE AZTEC GOD OF JUSTICE, SEÑOR! AND TO THESE EVIL MEN HE BROUGHT A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT!"



EVIL ONES, YOU HAVE PROFANED MY CITY! ETERNAL PUNISHMENT SHALL BE YOURS! EVEN IN DEATH YOU SHALL NOT REST! FOREVER SHALL YOU ROAM IN LIVING DEATH--SUFFERING THE TORTURES OF THE DAMNED!



WELL! QUITE A STORY, RAMON!



BOB MARTIN WAS A SCIENTIST! HOW COULD HE BE FRIGHTENED BY THE TALE OF SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES? AND MARTIN'S TWO ASSISTANTS, WITH THEIR GREED AND THEIR BLACK THOUGHTS OF MURDER...

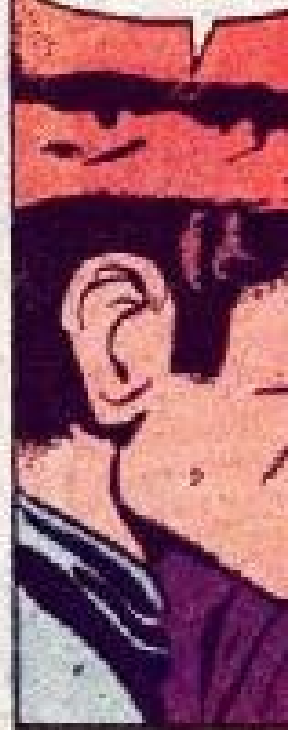
THAT KIND OF STUFF DOESN'T SCARE ME, RAMON! HA-HA!

THE BOSS IS GOIN' THERE!

GOOD! SO ARE WE!



YOU HEARD WHAT THE BOY SAID! GOLDEN CHALICE! SURE HOPE THE PART IS TRUE!



THE NATIVE BOYS DECAPPED THAT NIGHT. AND THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

THERE IT IS, ANNE! THE OLD CITY OF QUETANA!

CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD! OH, BOB, MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T GO ANY FARTHER!

UGH! GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

NOT ME! I'M THINKING ABOUT THAT GOLD!



W. SUN UN

YH SUN JUST



WE'LL UNLOAD THE STUFF
AND CAMP HERE! GROGAN,
SEE IF THERE'S ANY BRUSH-
WOOD AROUND! WE'LL
BUILD A FIRE!

RIGHT,
BOSS!

BOB, I
--I'M
FRIGHT-
ENED!

BUT THE FIRE
HERE ALL HU

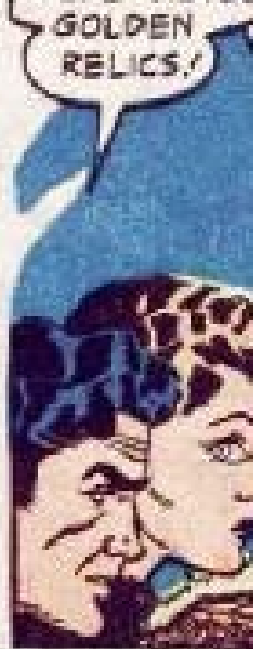
I'LL JUST TAK
AROUND, WHIL
SETTING SUP

THE FOOLISH SCIENTIST! HIS COLD LOGIC WOULDN'T LET HIM BE FRIGHTENED!

LISTEN! SOMETHING'S MOANING!

JUST THE MOANING OF THE WIND OUTSIDE! COME ON, ANNE, LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THIS ROOM!

LOOK! OVER THERE! AZTEC GOLDEN RELICS!



LIVING PEOPLE! SEE THEM!

WARM LIFEBLOOD! RELIEF FROM OUR TORTURE!

VITALITY OF THE LIVING! WE MUST HAVE IT!



ANNE, WAIT! WE'LL
GATHER SOME OF
THOSE GOLD RELICS,
AND WHEN THE STORM
IS OVER, WE'LL GO!

NO! NO! WE
MUST GO
NOW--BE-
FORE IT'S
TOO
LATE!

??



OF THEM ALL, ONLY ANNE
REALIZED THE TERRIBLE
TRUTH! WITH MARTIN AF-
TER HER SHE FLED IN WILD
TERROR! BUT...

TAKE IT
EASY, ANNE! YOU'RE HYS-
TERICAL! WE CAN'T GO
OUT IN THIS STORM!

OH, BOB...!

ZZZZ!
CRACK!



AND AS THE MURDEROUS PAIR CREPT FORWARD...

BLOOD! BLOOD THAT
WE MUST HAVE!

THE BOSS'LL
NEVER KNOW
WHAT HIT HIM!
HA-HA!

WHA--?

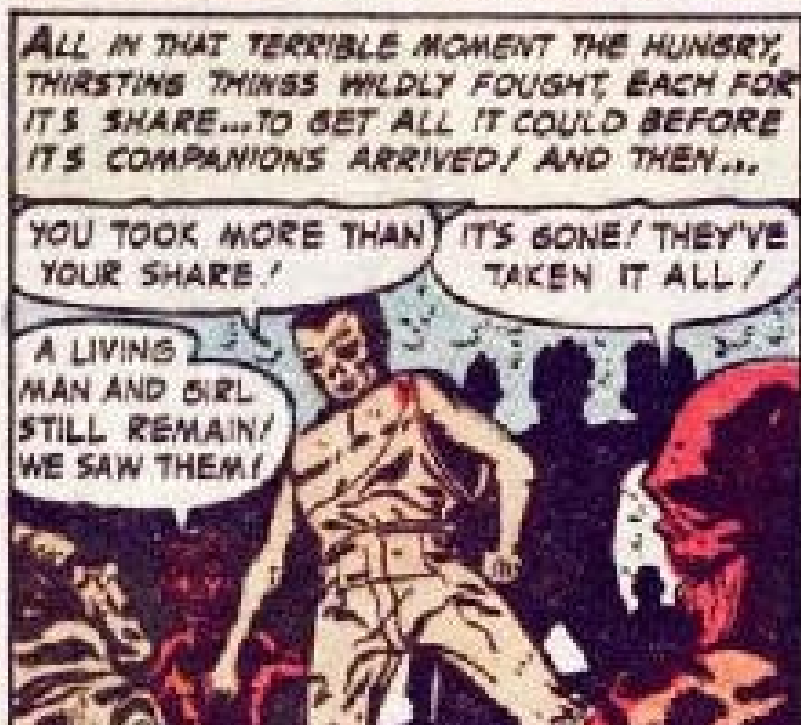


ALL IN THAT TERRIBLE MOMENT THE HUNGRY,
THIRSTING THINGS WILDLY FOUGHT, EACH FOR
ITS SHARE...TO GET ALL IT COULD BEFORE
ITS COMPANIONS ARRIVED! AND THEN...

YOU TOOK MORE THAN
YOUR SHARE!

IT'S GONE! THEY'VE
TAKEN IT ALL!

A LIVING
MAN AND GIRL
STILL REMAIN!
WE SAW THEM!

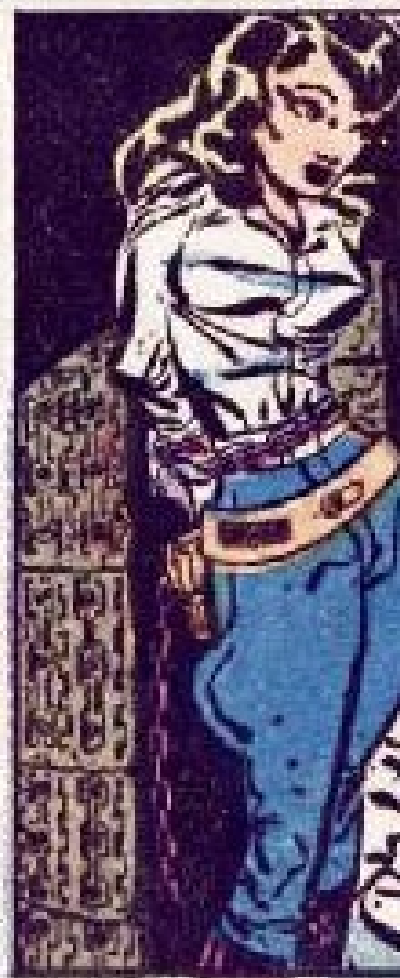


AND AT THAT SAME
INSTANT...

WHAT'S
THAT?

BOB!
DON'T GO!
WAIT! WAIT!



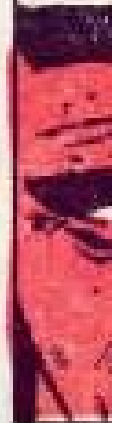




IT'S QUETZAL!...
WHA--? OUR ONLY MASTER!

STOP! EVIL ONES--GO
BACK TO YOUR ETERNAL
SUFFERING! BACK, I SAY!

BECA
GOD,
THE
BAN
YOUR



AND
IT'S A
BOUN
GONE
AGAIN
DARE
SAC



AND AS THEY FLED, SUDDENLY...

TAKE US
WITH YOU!

PLEASE! PLEASE!

IT'S--IT'S THOMPSON
AND GROGAN!



THEN
MARTI
S. E.

I HAVE CLOTHED YOU IN THE REMNANTS OF
YOUR FLESH--SO THAT YOU, TOO, MAY SUFFER
THE TORMENTS OF THE *LIVING DEAD*!
GO BACK AMONG YOUR FELLOWS! HA-HA!

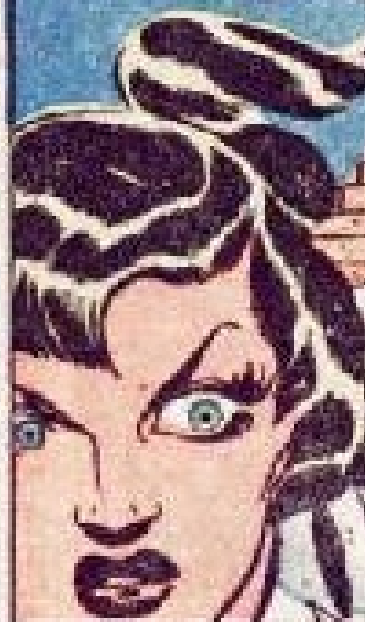


ANNE! COME!
COME!

THE D
ING UPON A NEW DA
RAY, WITH THE HAIL
LIVING DEAD FOREVER!

OH-H-H-H!
HELP US

WON'T
SPAR
ETERN



HOW 'MINI-GYM' TURNS PLANT "DRIP" INTO



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OF ALL AGES!
TO GET WHAT YOU WANT
OUT OF LIFE GET FIT WITH
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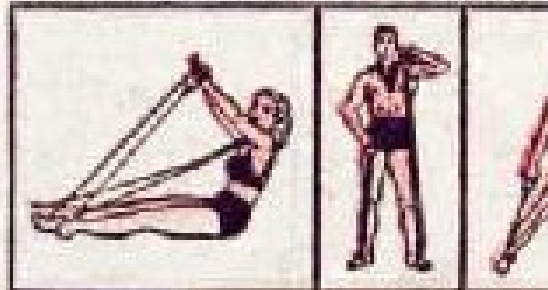
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in. tall

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'MINI-GYM'
1841 Bro
BLVD. 30
page (see
with post
'MINI-GYM'
Exercise &

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

Exercise &
(Canadian)



I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, UNCLE!
I'M GOING TO CHOKE THE BREATH
OUT OF YOUR LYING THROAT!

N-NO, I SEE
LOOK THERE
YOU SEE I
IT'S THE...
GL

IT ALL BEG
WARREN ARM
TO PAY A VISI
ECCENTRIC
RECLUSE ROE
WHO HAD LIV
LOUISIANA SI
YEARS....

WHAT A WEIRD
PLACE! PHOT



MODEL
ALASCIA

INTO THE SWAMPLANDS, WHERE MANY HAD GONE BUT NONE HAD RETURNED, WENT WARREN ARNO! HIS ECCENTRIC UNCLE HAD HOARDED AWAY A FORTUNE IN GOLD... AND A MYSTERIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL GIRL BECKONED HIM WITH HER UNEARTHLY EYES! BUT WAITING PATIENTLY IN THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE EERIE MARSHLAND WAS A CREATURE WHO LURKED IN SEARCH OF HUMAN PREY FOOLISH ENOUGH TO WANDER INTO THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF... *THE GLISTENING DEATH!*

THE PERFECT
FOR ME UNTIL
IS OFF IN THE
THE COPS' LI
FIND ME HE



WARREN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU HAD A BUSINESS IN THE CITY!

I DID, UNCLE! BUT THINGS GOT A LITTLE TOO--UH--SLOW! AREN'T YOU GOING TO WELCOME ME?



YES--- OF COURSE... HUGO! SHOW MY NEPHEW TO THE GUEST ROOM! HE PROBABLY NEEDS TO REST! THE TRIP THROUGH THE SWAMPS IS QUITE STRENUOUS!



THE YOUNG MAN PACED UP AND DOWN IN HIS ROOM, THINKING OUT HIS NEXT MOVE...

SO AT DINNER WARREN ARMSTRONG PLAYED HIS CARDS WITH SLICK PERFECTION...

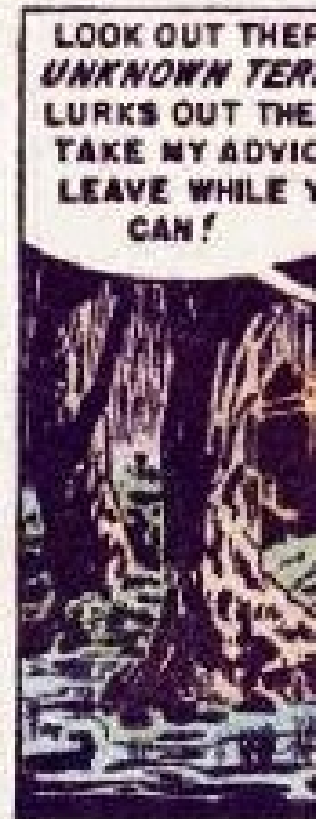
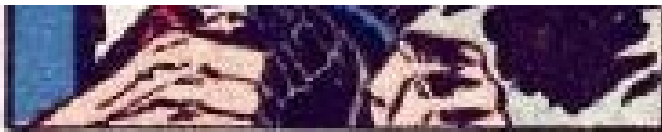
THE OLD BOY WASN'T EXACTLY TICKLED TO SEE ME! I HEARD HE WAS A CHARACTER--BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE BEHIND HIS JUMPINESS...



TELL ME, UNCLE! HOW CAN YOU STAND TO LIVE HERE IN THIS PLACE? YOU HAVE NO ELECTRICITY, NO MODERN CONVENIENCES...

I LIKE QUIET WARREN! AND I AM COMPLETELY CONTENT HERE!





WARREN ARNO WENT TO BED THAT NIGHT WITH MANY DOUBTS IN HIS SANITY. BOTHERED BY A STRANGE UNEASINESS, HE SLEPT FITFULLY.

IT'S TOO HOT HERE... I--I CAN'T SLEEP! I'LL ...



ARRGHHH-- *HELP!*
AROUND MY THROAT--!
ARRGHHH--!



THEN...

IT'S WITHDRAWING INTO
THE SWAMP! I--I COULDN'T
HAVE IMAGINED IT! GOOD LORD!
WHAT *WAS* THAT THING? IT
GLISTENED IN THE
MOONLIGHT!



FOR HE HAD A PLAN--
AND NOW HIS SUSPICIONS
WERE STRONGER.

THAT OLD GOAT
TRIED TO SCARE
ME! PROBABLY

WARREN DUG UP
PLACE IN SEARCH
TREASURE HE SUS
HIS UNCLE OF HAD
HOARDED, BUT HE
NOTHING! AND T
ING...

THE
IT

GO
NE
HA
S



HIS CARETAKER
IN SOME SORT
OF COSTUME!
I BET HE'S
HIDING GOLD
ON THE
GROUNDS...



MAN WANT TO LIV
IF NOT FOR SOME
HE'S CAREFULLY
HE'S KNOWN TO I





WELL-HELLO! I DIDN'T
KNOW OTHER PEOPLE
LIVED HERE! I'M
GOING TO LIKE MY
STAY HERE!

I SHALL LOOK FOR-
WARD TO YOUR
PRESENCE,
THEN!



I-ILL BE OVER
HOUSE--LATER
LEAVE THIS HO
AT ONCE!



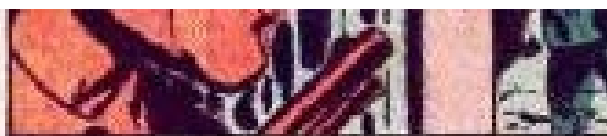
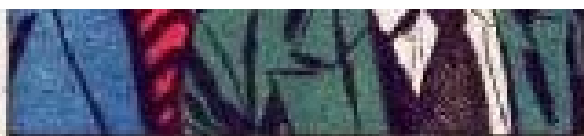
UNCLE! YOU
TREATED HER
SHAMELESSLY!
I DEMAND AN
EXPLANATION,
UNCLE!

WARREN, I--
I'M NOT
FEELING
WELL! HUGO--
HELP ME TO
MY ROOM!



PUZZLED, WARREN RETIRED
TO HIS ROOM... BUT ONLY TO
WAIT FOR HIS UNCLE'S FOOT-
STEPS... MOMENTS AFTERWARD...

HE'S LEAVING FOR THE
SWAMPS! THIS IS GETTING
MORE CRAZY BY THE MINUTE!
I'LL FOLLOW HIM...



FORGIVE ME
IF I WAS
TARDY! I--I
COULDN'T
COME TO YOU
WITH MY
NEPHEW IN
THE HOUSE!

IT IS WELL!
FOLLOW ME--
INTO THE
SWAMP!



I--I OBEY! INTO
THE SWAMP!

AND TO MY
DEN, WHERE I
SHALL FEED ON
YOUR OFFERINGS
HA, HA, HA...

THEN, OUT OF THE MORASS AND SWIRLING WATERS OF THE SWAMP, AROSE --- *HORROR!*

AAAAA AGHH! S-STAY AWAY FROM ME!
DON'T TOUCH ME!



BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

I--I SHOT INTO
TEAR IT AWAY FROM
IT OFF ME! TH



HE RAN WITH THE
DESPERATION OF A
MAN POSSESSED!
HIS MIND WAS ONE
CHAOTIC THOUGHT
OF ESCAPE...

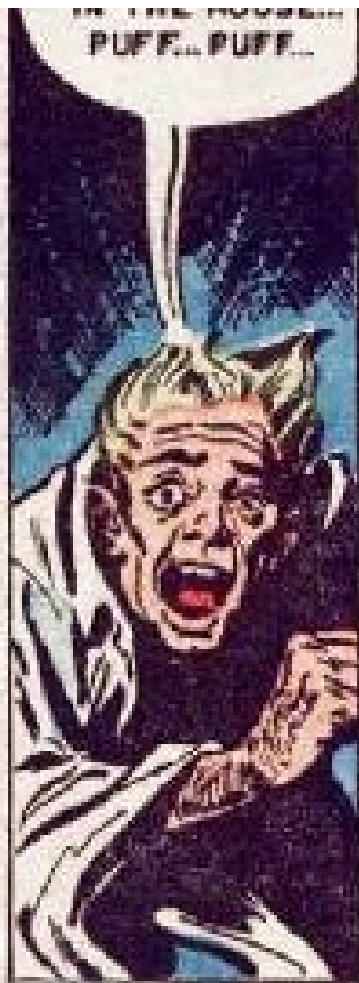
YA-A-A-A-AH!
I'VE GOT TO
GET BACK
IN THE HOUSE

IT--IT WAS THE SAME *THING*
THAT TRIED TO CHOKER ME LAST
NIGHT! THAT--THAT WAS *REAL!*
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THIS
HOUSE?



WARREN
AND WHAT

ANOTHER
I-I CAN
I--I'LL
SOMEONE



**YOU DIRTY MISER! SO
THAT'S IT! YOU TRIED
TO FRIGHTEN ME!
YOU DIDN'T WANT
ME TO SEE YOUR
GOLD!**

**NO! YOU DON'T UNDER-
STAND! I DISCOVERED
A HORROR OUT THERE
IN THE SWAMP—WITH
ALIEN INTELLIGENCE
GREATER THAN OUR OWN!
I--I'M ITS *SLAVE*! IT
GIVES ME GOLD IN
RETURN!**



WARREN ARND SQUEEZED UNTIL HIS FINGERS MET IN THEIR OWN EMBRACE OF DEATH. THEN HE WENT GOLD-CRAZY-- LAUGHING, SHOUTING, SINGING-- UNTIL SOMEONE STOOD BEFORE HIM IN THE DOORWAY...

HA, HA COME IN! I'VE HIT PAYDIRT, BABY! LOOK AT THIS! I'M *RICH!*
HA, HA!



THE OLD MAN--
HE IS---?



AND WHAT OF--
HUGO? WHAT
SHALL BE DONE
WITH HIM? WHO
WILL THERE
BE TO TAKE
CARE OF
ME!

I'LL KNOCK
HIM OFF, TOO!
I'VE KILLED
PLENTY OF
SQUARES IN
MY TIME!
THAT'S WHY
I'M HERE! BUT
NOW WE GOT
MILLIONS,
BOT OF US!



SO YOU WILL TAKE
CARE OF ME? THEN
YOU DO NOT KNOW!
HA, HA! *GOOD!* IT IS
EVEN BETTER THAN
I HAD WISHED! YES--
YOU ARE YOUNG,
STRONG! YOU SHALL
BE EXCELLENT!

W-WHAT ARE
YOU TALKIN
ABOUT?





THE GOLD I GAVE TO ROBERT ARNO WAS FOR—*HIS BODY!*
I NEED THE BODY ENERGY OF YOU MORTALS IN ORDER TO
LIVE! HE AND HUGO WERE MY MINDLESS SLAVES! BUT
FOR YOU— THERE SHALL BE EVEN GREATER GLORY!
COME HERE!



TERROR OF THE SKELETON MEN

I am an old woman now, but still the nightmare comes. Still, on the terrible wings of evil dreams, I am transported far below the surface of the earth to a land where night-time, midnight things that blinding through the tunnels built by an army of dead men, who-but I got ahead of my story....

My name was Miss Cummings. I was one of the first women allowed by London University to take a Doctor's degree in archaeology. In order to collect enough data to write a valuable doctoral thesis I needed to Africa, to do research among the fabulous old ruins of the ancient Pharaohs. It was while I pursued around the border of a dusty marketplace which held the remains of a ruler who had been dead three thousand years that I happened, I was trying to decipher the hieroglyphics inscribed on some masonry

few inches missing the wall. Then I set it on a stone ledge and returned to my clay tablets.

The first indication I had of anything wrong was the odor. The smell was sickeningly sweet. It crept over me and made my limbs feel heavy and weak. It was like some evil incense. I tried to fight off the feeling of drowsy lethargy which was slipping over me. Doubt I realized that the sweet smell that arose from the burning blood in the lamp was causing my sleepiness. Then, just before I slipped into the peaceful gypsons of unconsciousness, I saw it happen. A section of the stone wall of the marketplace swung away, disclosing a series of stone steps which seemed to drop straight downward to I know not where. And from up those steps came clanking a rattled, rattled, skull-faced mob of dead men!



City of the Living Dead. I was in a huge chamber which was guarded by living skeletons of the same kind as those which had taken me prisoner on the earth's surface. But there were human beings there, too, prisoners like me. I found that a young man nearby was gazing at me with pity. He introduced himself as Allen Clark, an English big game hunter who the skeleton men had seized in the wide fastness of the African jungle. Allen was a great comfort to me in the trying days that followed. His steadiness and courage helped me to keep my sanity in the face of the horrors that were about to come.

The skeleton men began by explaining that we were to be charged by a painful process which would make us just like them in mind and body. They took us on an inspection tour of their city, and what we saw made our flesh crawl with disgust and our blood run icy cold in our veins. For they were running a factory of evil, and the product that they were manufacturing was living dead men! We saw the horrible process in all of its awful stages, and we were told the story of the dream of the Living Dead to explain the surface of the earth and how every human body is immortal

dead. "What can we do to stop them, Allen?" I whispered.

He was strong and full of courage, but I felt him shudder, too. "I don't know," he said. "But you can pray!"

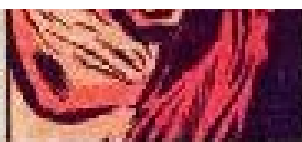
As if I hadn't been praying right along!

The skeleton men were efficient. They used every hour while we were waiting our turn to be transformed into Living Dead. We were all assigned tasks. Allen and I were taken to a room where long rows of men and women had been strung from the ceiling by long ropes tied to their wrists. They were horrible to look at. Their hair had turned color; their fingernails had grown until their hands were stiffening and their flesh had wasted away until they were almost like the skeleton men in appearance.

These were the "lucky" victims chosen by the Living Dead to be given the gift of immortal life! I felt like, if this was what I'd look like when they finished with me, anything was better than slinking down to make a coward of me!

Allen and I were given whips and were permitted to beat the convicts if they refused to work. I looked at Allen in amazement when I

empty chamber. The light of the torch was weak. My eye fell upon an odd old lamp. It was a primitive thing, but I saw to my amazement that there was fuel in it, evidently placed there by one of my native assistants. I struck a match and touched the flickering flame to the wick of the lamp. It flared without trouble, but it smoked a lot, and I wanted a



I had fainted as the skeleton-men had approached me, and when I awoke I found myself a prisoner in one of the caverns which made up the

mountain.

"They're insane!" I whispered to Allan.

He nodded grimly. "Yes," he said. "Yes, they're insane. But they can carry out their plan, unless something happens to stop them before it's too late!"

I thought of a world controlled by the creatures who stood before me, and I shud-

dered that, even if men were alone, Allan told me what was probably the reason for our peculiar jobs.

"Living underground as they do," he explained, "they're so dumb-witted that any loud noise will cause vibrations great enough to start cave-ins and land-slides."

But I was too disheartened to

THE WITCHES COME AT N





THE FARM OF EZRA RAINEY
WAS BEWITCHED! OUT OF THE
BLACK VOID OF THE UNKNOWN,
STRANGE AND DIABOLIC
SHAPES CAME TO MENACE
THE PEACEFUL FARMER AND
HIS FAMILY! GRISLY TERROR
STRUCK AT THEM WHEN
THEY LEARNED THAT...
"THE WITCHES COME
AT MIDNIGHT!"

THIS IS REALLY THE STRANGE
STORY OF JOEL RAINEY--
AND HIS PET ROOSTER!

NOW, PETER, YOU PAY
ATTENTION! YOU DO IT
RIGHT AN' I'LL FEED YOU
LOTS OF CORN! READY,
NOW!





GOOD BOY!
HERE'S YOUR
SUPPER!

THE WEIRD MANIFESTATIONS BEGAN
ONE NIGHT WHEN JOEL WAS AWAK-
ENED BY A SHUTTER BANGING AT
HIS BEDROOM WINDOW! IT WAS
MIDNIGHT!



CUCKOO!

WHA--?

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

THAT WAS THE BEGINNING! IT DIDN'T FRIGHTEN
JOEL. WHY SHOULD IT? BUT NOW THERE CAME
ANOTHER NIGHT WHEN...



THERE IT GOES AGAIN!
THERE'S SOMETHING
OUTSIDE!

BANG

BANG!

CUCKOO!

CUCKOO!

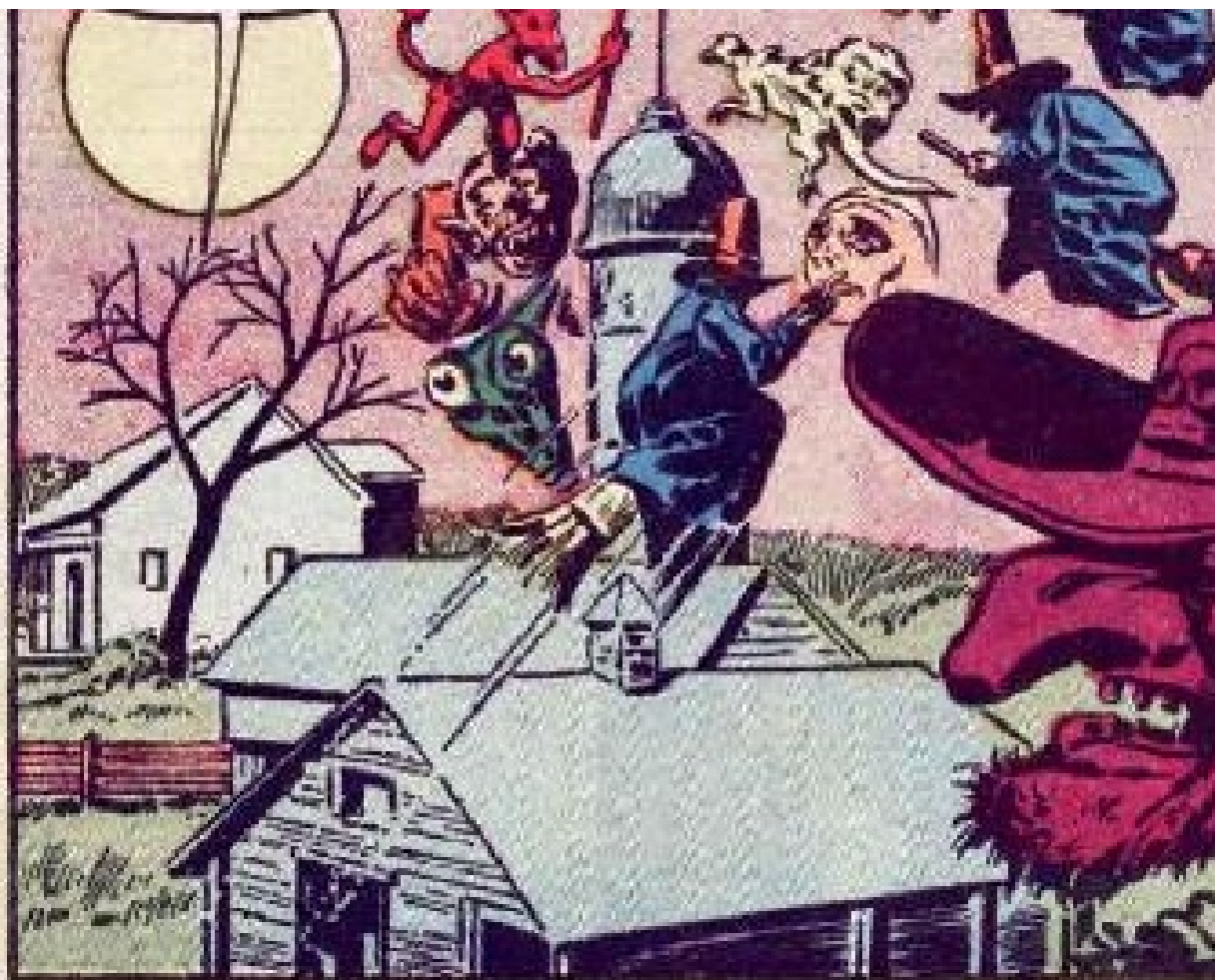


YEOW! WHAT'S
OUT THERE?

THEN IN THE SILENT BARNYARD, THE WHOLE UNHOLY CREW WERE VISIBLE
DOWN THROUGH THE LONG, PALE RIBBONS OF CLOUDS, THE WITCHES
SKIRLING!



WOW! LOOKIT
'EM!--HEY POP! MOM!
WAKE UP! LOOKIT
WHAT'S OUTSIDE!



NATURALLY, JOEL'S PARENTS COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT HE TOLD THEM! BUT THE VERY NEXT NIGHT...



HEY, POP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

WHA--?



THEN... LOOK, POP! THAT'S THE THING THAT BANGED MY SHUTTER LAST NIGHT!



THERE WAS NO CHANCE TO SEE THE GARGOYLE-LIKE SHAPE FLUTTER AWAY.

THERE IT GOES!





POP, LOOK! SMOKY'S
HEAD IS ALL BLOODY!
THAT--THAT THING
CHEWED AN' CLAWED..
POOR SMOKY! TAKE
IT EASY, GIRL!

WAS IT A
BUZZARD?
BUT I NEVER
SAW A
BUZZARD
LIKE THAT!



AND THAT EVENING, WHEN MRS. RAINEY HAD GONE OUT INTO THE BARNYARD...



BUZZARDS & VULTURES! THEIR VOICES CROAKED AND SCREAMED! THEIR FIERY EYES GLARED WITH UNHOLY LIGHT AS THEY ATTACKED!



THEN, AT LAST... SLAM THE DOOR, POP! THERE THEY GO! THEY MIGHT COME BACK!



I-AM SO FRIGHT-ENED! WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT IN THE MORNING! AWK! WE BE ALI-RIGHT? B JOEL, GO TO I'M TELL!



IT WAS ALREADY NEARLY MIDNIGHT! JOEL WAS TOO EXCITED TO SLEEP, AND WHEN MIDNIGHT CAME...

THERE'S ONE OF 'EM! I'LL SET IT NOW!



THE WEIRD BIRD JOEL SCURRIED

GUESS I O IT! LOOKS L FLY.



AND AS JOEL FOLLOWED THE SCURRYING THING, SUDDENLY BEHIND HIM...

IT'S HEADIN' FOR THE CEMETERY!...HEY, PETER'S FOLLOWIN' ME! YOU GO BACK, PETER! I GOT NO CORN TO FEED YOU-- ISN'T TIME FOR EATING, ANYWAY!

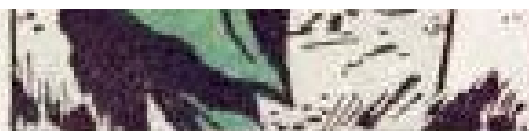
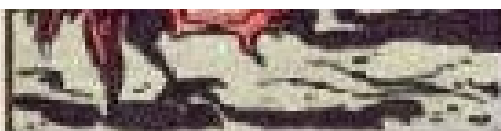


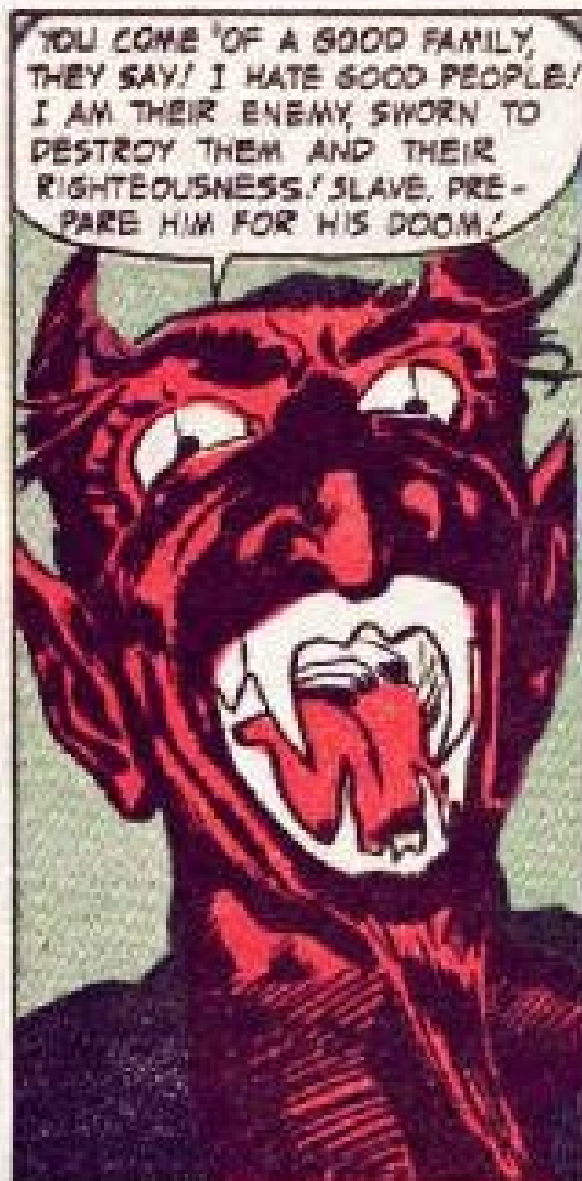
THEN HE FORGOT PETER! THE WHITE HEADSTONES OF THE LITTLE CEMETERY WERE PALLID SHAPES IN THE MOONLIGHT! AND AS THE WOUNDED GARGOYLE THING FLUTTERED AMONG THEM, SUDDENLY...



THEN,









AND NOTHING DID! THERE HAVE BEEN NO MORE EVIL MANIFESTATIONS A
LAST WEIRD NIGHT! PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE JOEL EITHER

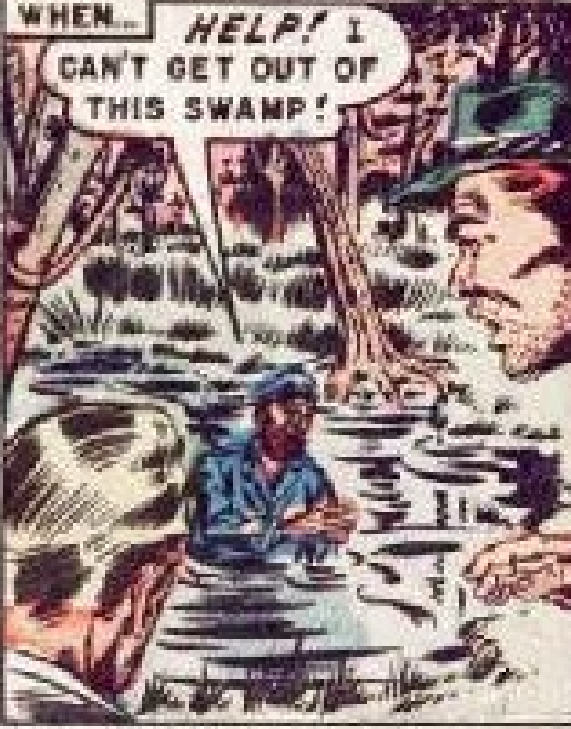


MANY DANGERS, BOTH SEEN AND UNSEEN, LURK IN THE DARK. THE INVISIBLE ONES ARE THE MOST DEADLY-- AS CAPTAIN DEATH CALLED HIM BY THAT NAME BECAUSE THE RUTHLESS SLAVE TRADER THEM TO THEIR GRAVES. WHEN THEIR HATED ENEMY FINALLY FINALLY INVOKED THE DREAD SORCERY OF THEIR ANCESTORS TO TEACH

DEATH HAS MANY T



CAPTAIN DEATH HAD JUST COMPLETED A SUCCESSFUL RAID ON A REMOTE CONGO VILLAGE, WHEN...



HELP! I CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS SWAMP!

HARDER! PULL HARDER! THIS ACCURSED MUCK WON'T LET ME GO!



WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

SUI
N
BEE
LI



BLASTED COWARDS!
THEM NATIVES HAVE BEEN
WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT
FOR YEARS! THEY'LL
SKIN ME ALIVE!



THE CAPTAIN WAS PULLED
FROM THE MORASS AND
BROUGHT BACK TO THE
VILLAGE...

I DON'T GET IT...THEY'RE
JUST SITTING AROUND
AND GRINNING AT
ME!



ON AND ON THE WITCH DOCTOR'S VOICE
DRONED, AND AS HE SPOKE, CAPTAIN DEATH
SEEMED TO RECALL THE FACE OF EACH
NATIVE HE HAD SLAIN...

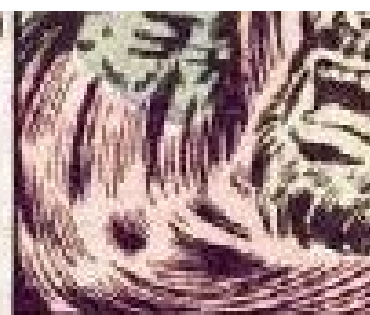


AKLAI /
AKLAI...

THERE'S THE CHIEF!
SHOT ON MY FIRST RAID...
AND THE ONE I TOSSED
OVERBOARD WHEN HE
SCREAMED TOO LOUD...

CAPTAIN DEATH FELT
WHICH HE RELIVED...
HAD EARNED HIM HIS...





WHEN HE AWOKE, TH
BONDS, AND...



THE BEWILDERED CAPTAIN PLUNGED INTO THE DEEP UNDERBRUSH AND MADE FOR THE COAST...

SURE WAS A STRANGE DREAM...BUT I'M LUCKY TO GET AWAY WITH NO MORE THAN A NIGHTMARE!



BY DUSK...

AND YOU IT'S C



BEFORE HE SET SAIL ON HIS OWN BRUTAL FASHION HIM!

FOR MERCY'S SAKE...DON'T LEAVE US HERE, CAPTAIN!



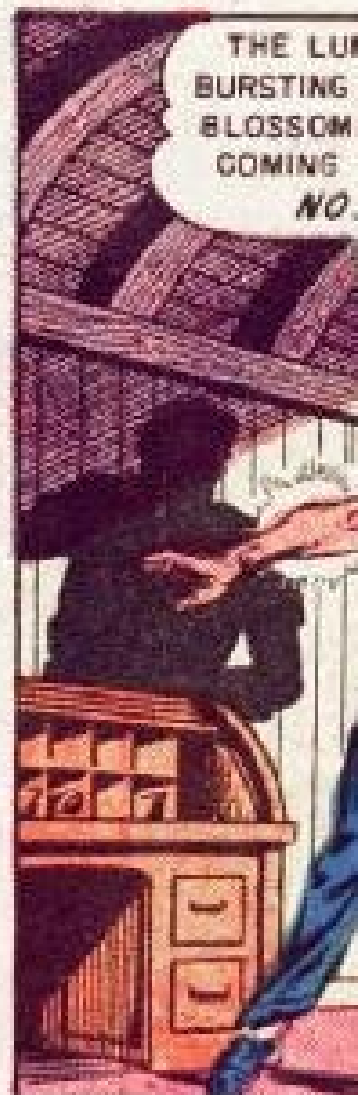
AT SEA, THE CAPTAIN CHECKED HIS CARGO...

HALF OF THEM'LL DIE BY THE TIME I CROSS THE SEA! ...BUT THE REST WILL FETCH A SMALL FORTUNE!

THAT NIGHT, HOWEVER, THE CAPTAIN HAD BAD DREAMS...

THE DEVILS! THEY... THEY'RE BURROWING INTO MY VERY







NO! NO!
I KILLED
BEFORE, A
I'LL KILL
AGAIN!



CAN'T KILL YUH, EH?...
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

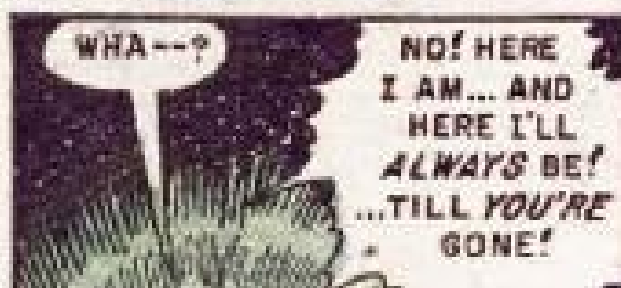


I'LL TOSS YUH
SLICE OFF THE
MOULDY WITCH
WILL DRIVE ME

THE CAPTAIN REAG
FINGERS CLUTCHES

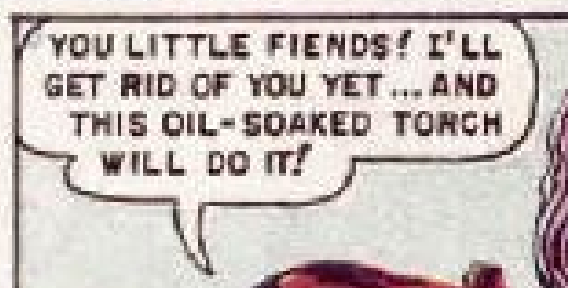


IT.
GL



WHA--?

NO! HERE
I AM... AND
HERE I'LL
ALWAYS BE!
...TILL YOU'RE
GONE!

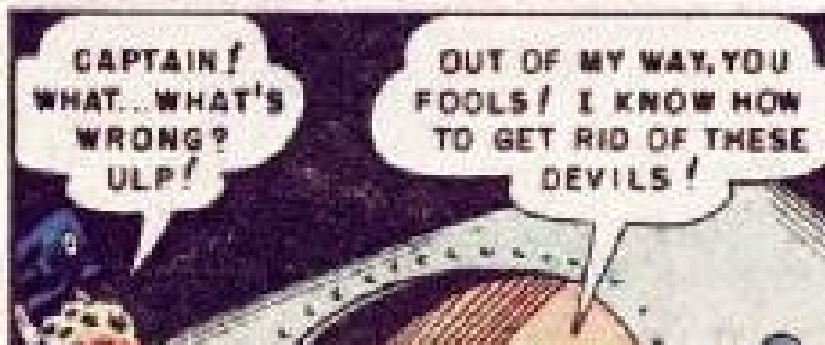


YOU LITTLE FIENDS! I'LL
GET RID OF YOU YET... AND
THIS OIL-SOAKED TORCH
WILL DO IT!





FRANTIC WITH FEAR AND TERROR THE CAPTAIN BURST OUT OF HIS CABIN...





THE CAPTAIN NEVER
DEPTHS OF THE SE

DO YOU
SEE WHAT
I SEE?

I
DAY
AWA
SPOT

